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МЕТАФОРИЧЕСКОЕ ОЛИЦЕТВОРЕНИЕ ЧУВСТВА И СОСТОЯНИЯ В АФРОАМЕРИКАНСКОМ ЛИТЕРАТУРНОМ ДИСКУРСЕ

Abstract

The article in question represents a part of conceptual metaphor investigation based on African American literature (18–20 c.). In this little piece I tried to define what feelings, emotions and physical states got any human or animalistic features in prose and verse of W. E. B. Du Bois, P. Dunbar, J. Johnson, R. Wright, R. Ellison, J. Baldwin, G. Brooks, L. Hansberry, R. Hayden, etc. The results show that more often than not authors are apt to choose such notions as: evil, fear, feelings of resentment and estrangement, hope, hunger, love, pain, prejudice, slavery, sickness, sin, slavery, sorrow, terror, trouble, turmoil alongside hope, love, dream & thought.

Настоящая статья продолжает серию публикаций, посвященных изучению концептуальной метафоры в афроамериканской литературе XVIII-XX вв. В рамках данной статьи мы остановились на возможных

случаях метафорического олицетворения применительно к описанию различного рода чувств, эмоций и состояний в произведениях У. Э. Б. Дюбуа, П. Данбара, Дж. У. Джонсона, Р. Райта, Р. Эллисона, Дж. Болдуина, Г. Брукс, Р. Дункана, М. Толсона, Л. Хансберри, Р. Хейдена.

Условия жизни того или иного народа не могут не найти отражения в сфере образных связей, концептуальных моделей, системе ассоциаций. История жизни афроамериканской диаспоры с самого начала ее образования давала примеры различного рода трагедий на почве расовой нетерпимости, зависимого положения, ограниченных возможностей. Все это не могло не проявиться в афроамериканском дискурсе, в том числе и литературном.

В автобиографическом романе «The Souls of Black Folk» У. Э. Б. Дюбуа – философа и писателя конца XIX в. – метафорическому олицетворению наиболее часто подвергаются чувства печали и тоски (*brooding sorrow, soft sorrow*), тихо прокрадывающиеся в душу и предающиеся там воспоминаниям о былом, перенесенных обидах, пережитых утратах, испытанных разочарованиях – часто произошедших в силу расовой политики. К ним примыкает описание «глубокого религиозного чувства», печально размышляющего над судьбой в сердце афроамериканца. *But back of this still broods silently the deep religious feeling of the real Negro heart, the stirring, unguided might of powerful human souls who have lost the guiding star of the past and seek in the great night a new religious ideal* [Du Bois 1989: 145].

Следующие по частотности объекты – это голод, утраты и предрассудки, которые вскармливает Юг США (*nursing its own deep prejudices*), рабство с «вонючим дыханием» (*the foul breath of slavery*), социальные проблемы различного рода. *In a time of perfect calm, amid willing neighbors and streaming wealth, the social uplifting of four million slaves to an assured and self-sustaining place in the body politic and economic would have been a Herculean task; but when to the inherent difficulties of so delicate and nice a social operation were added the spite and hate of conflict, the hell of war; when suspicion and cruelty were rife, and gaunt Hunger wept beside Bereavement, – In such a case, the work of any instrument of social regeneration was in large part foredoomed for failure* [Du Bois: 20]. *The sin of the country districts is visited on the town, and the social sores of city life to-day may, here in Dougherty County, and perhaps in many places near and far, look for their final healing without the city walls* [Du Bois: 113].

Чувства дружбы и симпатии между представителями белой и черной Америки предстают как мертворожденные. *The white man, as well as the Negro, is bound and barred by the color-line, and many a scheme of friendliness and philanthropy, of broad-minded sympathy and generous fellowship between the two has dropped still-born because some busy-body has forced the color-question to the front and brought the tremendous force of unwritten law against the innovators* [Du Bois: 129].

Как соперники, победитель и побежденный предстают чувства воодушевления, подъема и сомнения, упадка душевных сил. So dawned the time of Sturm und Drang: storm and stress to-day rocks our little boat on the mad waters of the world-sea; there is within and without the sound of conflict, the burning of body and rending of soul; *inspiration strives with doubt, and faith with vain questionings* [Du Bois: 8].

Примеры олицетворения правды, истины, добра и зла в большей мере напоминают прочтение этих образов в сонетах и пьесах У. Шекспира, являются аллюзией на этого автора и призваны вызвать в памяти читателя череду воспоминаний о тягостных событиях, в том числе и исторических, душевных муках, столь широко представленных у Певца Сонета. Так, напр., строка *Truth forever on the scaffold, | Wrong forever on the throne* [Du Bois: 10] должна напомнить о шекспировском сонете 66: Зову я смерть. Мне видеть нестерпим / Достоинство, что просит подаянья, / Над простотой глумящуюся ложь, / Ничтожество в роскошном одеянье, / И совершенству ложный приговор, / И девственность, поруганную грубо, / И неуместной почести позор, / И мощь в плену у немощи беззубой, / И прямоту, что глупостью слывет, / И глупость в маске мудреца, пророка, / И вдохновения зажатый рот, / праведность на службе у порока. / Все мерзостно, что вижу я вокруг... / Но как тебя покинуть, милый друг! [У. Шекспир; цит. по: Маршак, 1969: 72]

В прозе У. Э. Б. Дюбуа эта шекспировская линия сливается с описаниями редких часов семейной радости, проведенных с женой и сыном. В этом же ключе начинается свое развитие тема олицетворения совести, что глуха, и страха, скрючившегося у кроватки малыша. *Feeling that his rights and his dearest ideals are being trampled upon, that the public conscience is ever more deaf to his righteous appeal, and that all the reactionary forces of prejudice, greed, and revenge are daily gaining new strength and fresh allies, the Negro faces no enviable dilemma* [Du Bois: 142]. *I held my face beside his little cheek, showed him the star-children and the twinkling lights as they began to flash, and stilled with even-song the unvoiced terror of my life* [Du Bois: 147]. *Tenderly then she hovered round him, till the smile fled away and Fear crouched beside the little bed* [Du Bois: 148].

Олицетворение искушения ненавистью, отчаяньем, сомнением связано с наступлением того или иного времени суток, что символизирует жизненные циклы человека. *Three temptations he met on those dark dunes that lay gray and dismal before the wonder-eyes of the child: the temptation of Hate, that stood out against the red dawn; the temptation of Despair that darkened noonday, and the temptation of Doubt that ever steals along with twilight* [Du Bois: 152].

У этих созданий холодные, трясущиеся руки, лоящие мечты детей, они поглощают любую радость, нагло издеваются, заставляя человека признать свою бессилие. Thus the temptation of Hate grew and shadowed the growing child, – g iding stealthily into his laughter, fading into his play, and

seizing his dreams by day and night with rough, rude turbulence. ... Strange temptation for a child, you may think; and yet in this wide land to-day a thousand thousand dark children brood before this same temptation, and feel its cold and shuddering arms. ... This was the temptation of Despair; and the young man fought it doggedly. ... And yet month by month the congregation dwindled, week by week the hollow walls echoed more sharply, day by day the calls came fewer and fewer, and day by day the third temptation sat clearer and still more clearly within the Veil; a temptation, as it were, bland and smiling, with just a shade of mockery in its smooth tones. ... Of all the three temptations, this one struck the deepest. [Du Bois: 153–156]

К числу неразвернутых, но иногда встречающихся антропоморфных образов у У. Э. Б. Дюбуа относятся любовь, мудрость, надежда, свобода. Away back in the days of bondage they thought to see in one divine event the end of all doubt and disappointment; few men ever *worshipped Freedom* with half such unquestioning faith as did the American Negro for two centuries [Du Bois: 4]. The wretched of my race that line the alleys of the nation sit fatherless and unmothered; but *Love* sat beside his cradle, and in his ear *Wisdom* waited to speak [Du Bois: 151].

В поэзии П. Данбара и Дж. У. Джонсона в качестве правителя предстают тирания, гнет, надежда же умирает так и не родившись. For her his voice, a fearless clarion, rung | That broke in warning on the ears of men; | For her the strong bow of his power he strung, | And sent his arrows to the very den | Where grim *Oppression* held his bloody place | And gloated o'er the mis'ries of a race [Dunbar; цит. по: Lauter 1990: 483]. Sing a song full of faith that the dark past has taught us, | Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us, | Facing the rising sun of our new day begun, | Let us march on till victory is won. | Stony the road we trod, | Bitter the chastening rod, | Felt in the days when *hope unborn had died*, | Yet with a steady beat | Have not our weary feet | Come to the place for which our fathers sighed? | We have come over a way that with tears has been watered, | We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered, | Out from the gloomy past, | Till now we stand at last | Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast. | God of our weary years, | God of our silent tears, | Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way; | Thou who hast by Thy might | Led us into the light, | Keep us forever in the path, we pray. | Lest our feet stay from the places, our God, where we met Thee, | Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee, | Shadowed beneath Thy hand, | May we forever stand. | True to our God, | True to our native land. [Johnson; цит. по: Lauter 1990: 1555]

В контексте произведений Р. Райта весьма распространенным является приращение антропоморфных и зооморфных характеристик таким состояниям как чувство вины, отстранения, ненависти, стыда, страха, желаний, влечения, голода. При этом все они наделяются сходными чертами, дающими им статус грозных врагов, мучителей. The feeling of being always *enclosed in the stifling embrace of an invisible force* had gone from him [Wright, 1993: 170]. She tried to get up; he knew she had seen the mad light in his eyes. Fear *sheathed him in fire*. His words came in a thick whisper [Wright: 204]. *Hunger* came to his stomach; *an icy hand reached* down his throat and *clutched* his intestines and *tied* them *into a cold, tight knot* that ached [Wright: 286]. At the end of

the block he saw a crowd of people and *fear clutched hard* at his stomach [Wright: 294]. The accidental nature of his crime took the guise of a sudden and violent rent in the veil behind which he lived, a rent which allowed *his feelings of resentment and estrangement to leap forth* and find objective and concrete form [Wright: 456].

Надежда, мир и покой воспринимаются как хрупкое, незащищенное создание, полное робости и неуверенности. *The breath of warm hope* which Jan and Max had *blown* so softly upon him *turned to frost* under Buckley's cold gaze [Wright: 338]. He breathed softly, wondering about *the cool breath of peace* that *hovered* in his body [Wright: 416].

У Р. Эллисона антропоморфными характеристиками наделяются, в основном, негативные, тяжелые эмоции, ощущения (*sickness, fear, sorrow, pain, terror, turmoil*). And seeing him I felt *the fear* balled coldly within me unfold [Ellison, 1992: 96]. And at our throats already we felt *the cold hands of sorrow* [Ellison: 126]. Whatever my responsibility was for what had occurred, I knew that I would pay for it, knew that I would be expelled, and *the very idea* stabbed my insides again [Ellison: 144].

Олицетворение надежды и силы у Р. Эллисона очень близко к европейским примерам. Это неслучайно – дальнейшее развитие сюжета ([Ellison: 124, 140]) и подбор языковых средств (*my young friends, a purple picture, a soaring vulture, noble eagle, moaning dove, confident, self-assuring, self-starting and self-stopping, self-warming, self-justifying*) позволяют в этом убедиться. Дело в том, что, применяя европейские модели, автор пытался показать, насколько далеки надежда, вера в себя, уверенность в будущем от реалий жизни афроамериканской диаспоры. Поэтому их описания носят высокопарный, фальшивый характер, контрастируют с основной канвой повествования.

Развитию этой темы способствует трактовка состояний изумления, боли, агонии, ярости и других *негативных* эмоций как синекдохи испытаний, лишений, которые в действительности уготованы судьбой [Ср. Ellison: 123, 236, 500]. Описания различного рода эмоциональных и физических состояний сливаются с аллегоричным развитием сюжетной линии в целом, и познанием себя, избавлением от иллюзий, обретением Бога, в частности.

При применении приема метафорического олицетворения чувств или состояний в контексте прозы Дж. Болдуина нам вновь предстают довольно суровые образы. Параллели проводятся с умирающим, мучителем, губителем, предателем, затаившимся врагом, бездомным, уродом, голодным, покалеченным или плененным зверем.

Как правило, для придания антропоморфных черт Дж. Болдуин пользуется глагольными конструкциями, лишь изредка прибегая к наречиям. При этом наиболее часто олицетворению подвергаются желание (*desire, fall, fire, lust*), боль (*agony, anguish*), страх, ужас, опасность (*fear, horror, panic, terror, chaos, fever, danger*), одиночество (*loneliness, absence*), подозрение (*suspicion*), любовь (*love*), ненависть (*hatred*), па-

мать, воспоминание (*memory*), грех (*sin, the evil*), гордость (*pride*), мечта (*dream, irreality*), мысль (*thought*), надежда (*hope*), горечь (*bitterness*), забота (*concern*), воинственность (*belligerence*), приниженность, смиренность (*humility*).

And, fired with this, a baser *fire stirred* in him also, *rousing a slumbering fear*, and he remembered (as the table, the ministers, the dinner, and the talk all burst in on him again) that Paul had written: «It is better to marry than to burn» [Baldwin, 1985: 109]. And his mind, dwelling bitterly on Elizabeth, yet moved backward to consider once again Esther, who had been the mother of the first Royal. And he saw her, with the *dumb, pale, startled ghosts of joy and desire hovering* in him yet, a thin, vivid, dark-eyed girl, with something Indian in her cheekbones, and her carriage and her hair [Baldwin: 116]. He discovered that whenever Deborah spoke of Royal, *a fear* deep within him *listened and waited* [Baldwin: 141]. She wrote her aunt the driest, and briefest, and coldest of notes, not wishing in any way to *awaken* whatever *concern* might yet *slumber in her breast*, telling her the same thing she had told Madame Williams, and telling her not to worry, she was in the hands of God. And she certainly was; through a bitterness that only the hand of God could have laid on her, this same hand brought her through [Baldwin: 176]. But *love*, which had perhaps like a benevolent monarch, swelled the population of his neighboring kingdom, Death, had not himself descended: they owed him no allegiance here [Baldwin: 204]. He was looking, unwillingly, at the letter, which she held tightly in one hand. It was old, and dirty, and brown, and torn; he recognized Deborah's uncertain, trembling hand, and he could see her again in the cabin, bending over the table, laboriously trusting to paper *the bitterness* she had not spoken. It had *lived* in her silence, then, all those years? He could not believe it. She had been praying for him as she died – she had sworn to meet him in glory. And yet, this letter, her witness, spoke, breaking her long silence, now that she was beyond his reach forever [Baldwin: 212]. And what were these *terrors*? They were buried beneath the impossible language of the time, lived underground where nearly all of the time's true feeling spitefully and incessantly fermented. Precisely, therefore, to the extent that they were inexpressible, were these terrors mighty; precisely because they lived in the dark where their shapes obscene. And because the taste for obscenity is universal and the appetite for reality rare and hard to cultivate, he had nearly perished in the basement of his private life. Or, more precisely, his fantasies [Baldwin: 197]. (...) Le Roy contained the mystery which had him by the throat [Baldwin: 204]. New York seemed very strange indeed. It might, almost, for strange barbarity of manner and custom, for *the sense of danger and horror* barely *sleeping* beneath the rough, gregarious surface, have been some impenetrably exotic city of the East [Baldwin: 230]. Then, *out of hiding, leapt* his other faces, the crafty, cajoling *face of desire*, the remote face of desire achieved [Baldwin: 238]. *The old pain* receded into the *home* it had *made* in him. But another pain, *homeless* as yet, began *knocking at his heart* – not for the first time: it would force *an entry* one day, and remain with him forever [Baldwin: 238]. [Cp. Baldwin, 1985: 66, 95, 103, 136, 137–138, 165, 174–175, 193; 1993: 53, 60, 200, 235, 237, 238, 301, 349, 368, 387 и др.].

Зооморфными характеристиками Дж. Болдуин чаще всего наделяет неизвестность (*unknown*), беду, беспокойство (*trouble*), чувство стыда, гнева, вины, желания (*shame, rage, guilt, desire / lust*).

При передаче зооморфных качеств наиболее часто выбор автора падает на сочетания рычать (*to roar*), выпрыгивать из засады (*to leap out of hiding*), грызть веревку (*to gnaw at the rope*), быть связанным (*to be tied*), точить зубы (*to sharpen its teeth*), ждать (*to wait*), пожирать (*to devour sm.*), наброситься сзади (*to be at one's back*), преградить путь (*to stand before*), злобно смотреть (*to stare*), проглатывать (*to swallow up*), жарко дашать (*to breathe hot*), выпрыгивать (*to spring*), быть выпущенным из неволи (*to be loosed*). Как нетрудно заметить, в состав всех выражений обязательно входит глагол, который и придает образу особую выразительность.

He had never tried to think of *their trouble* before; rather, he had never before *confronted it in such a narrow place*. It had always been there, at his back perhaps, all these years, but he had never turned to face it. Now it stood before him, staring, nevertheless to be escaped, and *its mouth was enlarged* without any limit. It was ready to *swallow him up*. Only the hand of God could deliver him. Yet, in a moment, he somehow knew from *the sound of that storm* which *rose* so painfully in him now, which laid waste – forever? – the strange, yet comforting *landscape of his mind*, that the hand of God would surely lead him into this *staring, waiting mouth*, these *distended jaws*, this *hot breath* as of fire [Baldwin, 1985: 144–145]. *The tendrils of shame* *clutched* at them, however they turned, all the dirty words they knew commented on all they did [Baldwin, 1993: 132]. There were so many *things* one did not dare to know. And were they all patiently waiting, (...), to *spring from hiding*, to reveal themselves, on some rainy Sunday morning? [Baldwin: 393]. Then he turned back into the room, pale with assessments, with *guilt* deliciously beginning to *gnaw at the rope* with which he had *tied* it, *sharpening its teeth* for him [Baldwin: 398]. [Ср. Baldwin, 1985: 94, 216; 1988: 207 и др.].

Метафорическое олицетворение Дж. Болдуин дополняет другими метафорическими переносами. Для проведения параллелей метафорического характера Дж. Болдуин задействует состояние сна, болезни и родов.

Как состояние сна рассматривается любовь, влечение, но маркированность здесь далека от положительной, поскольку модель связывается с отсутствием взаимопонимания, чуждостью, расовым барьером. Как серый беспросветный сон предстает и стабильность, обеспеченное существование. And the encounter took place, at last, between two dreamers, neither of whom could wake the other, except for the bitterest and briefest of seconds. Then *sleep descended* again, the search continued, chaos came again [Baldwin, 1993: 212]. He saw no one around him worth his envy, did not believe in the vast, *gray sleep* which was called security [Baldwin: 212].

С болезнью, заразой, чумой ассоциируются отношение людей друг к другу, страх, ощущения, желания гомосексуалиста. His life, passions, trails, loves, were, at worst, *filth*, and, at best, *disease* in the eyes of the world, and *crimes* in the eyes of his countrymen [Baldwin, 1993: 212]. He could not escape the feeling that a kind of *plague* was *raging*, though it was officially and publicly and privately denied. Even the young seemed blighted – seemed most blighted of all [Bald-

win: 230–231].

Устремление к Богу, община в молитве связываются с процессом родов, продолжающимся всю жизнь. Модель станет более яркой, если вспомнить об особенностях афроамериканских религиозных служб, сопровождающихся криками, стонами, постоянным движением. *With this cry, and the echoing cries, the tarry service moved from its first stage of steady murmuring broking by moans and now and again an isolated cry, into the stage of tears and groaning, of calling around and singing, which was like a labor of a woman about to be delivered of her child. On this threshing floor the child was the soul that struggled to the light, and it was the church that was in labor, that did not cease to push and pull, calling on the name of Jesus. When Brother Elisha cried out and fell back, crying, Sister McCandless rose and stood over him to help him pray. For the rebirth of the soul was perpetual; only rebirth every hour could stay the hand of Satan* [Baldwin, 1985: 113].

Что касается приема метафорического олицетворения в контексте произведений Г. Брукс, Р. Дункана, М. Толсона, Л. Хансберри и Р. Хейдена, то группе чувств у всех авторов жестокими, мрачными чертами наделяются гнев (*anger*), страх (*fear, terror*), ненависть (*hate, hatred*), унижение (*humiliation*), неведение (*ignorance*), одиночество (*solitude*), несправедливость (*unjustice*).

...the late light slanting | In diluted gold bars across the boulevard brag | Of proud, seamed faces with mercy and murder hinting | Here, there, interrupting, all deep and debonair, | The pink paint on the innocence of *fear* [Brooks; цит. по: Ellmann, 1976: 823]. And, as the years have passed since that stormy meeting (...) I've very often pondered what she then tried to convey – that a holocaust is no respecter of persons; that what, today, seems merely *humiliation and injustice* for a few, can, unchecked, become *Terror* for the many, snuffing out while lives just as though they were black lives; that if the American state could not protect the lives of black citizens, then, presently, the entire State would find itself engulfed [Hansberry, 1969: xiv]. ...Take away this *murderin' hate*...an' give us Thine own eternal love! [Hansberry: 87]. I know many who have already been lapped up by this new Reich *terror*...know the arrests in the early morning, the shifty-eyed ones who follow, follow, follow... and know the people who are the victims: the quiet and the courageous [Hansberry: 103]. When I will have conquered all my days | When shall have become mistress of the miseries of ordinary | When I will have pummeled trouble into nothing | And fashioned the atoms of unqualified *despair* into a star of hope | When I will have made the agony of hours a lovely thing | And all the aching griefs of *solitude* and sweet and simple song | Why then | Death come and move with me to some other land | For I shall be ready then [Hansberry: 108]. They are as certain as Genêt that *the brooding hatred*, which intelligent whites are now apparently able to see, is somehow wedded to the blackness [Hansberry: 211]. Good bye *misery*... I don't never want to see your ugly face again! [Hansberry, 1988: 94]. Here wound-red earth | and blinding cottonfields, | rock hills where sachems counseled, | where scouts gazed stealthily | upon *the glittering death march | of De Soto* through Indian wilderness [Hayden; цит. по: Lauter, 1990: 124].

При этом упор делается на политические и расовые составляю-

щие. Такая трактовка характерна и для афроамериканского литературного дискурса конца XX в. He thought for a moment that he would not be able to stay the whole night. *Fear danced* inside him and voices kept coming to his mind. They warned him to leave [Дixon; цит. по: Lauter, 1990: 210]. I've heard this house laugh at me as it watched me eat too much, then felt *depression* sink into my spirit and steal my appetite for anything other than grief. And the house has seen me, tongue-tied with the children I no longer knew, when they still used to visit on the weekends before Lena married again [Golden; цит. по: Lauter, 1990: 308]. I am sane, he thought, smothering over any kinks in his reasoning and clutching *fear* by the neck [Kenan; цит. по: Lauter, 1990: 409]. *Pain* walking on me now. Jus' stomping on me. I can't see hear, I jus' screamin', «Mommy! Mommy!» [Sapphire, 1996: 10]. *The pain* stabbing me wif a knife and this spic talking 'bout relax [Sapphire, 1996: 10]. *Fever* grows in the secret places of our hearts, planted there when one of us decided to sell one of us to another [Wideman; цит. по: Lauter, 1990: 642–643].

Тем не менее, несмотря на суровый характер описываемых реалий и ощущений, используемые языковые средства, подбор синтаксических конструкций и лексем позволяют афроамериканским авторам смягчить свое повествование и напомнить о лирике блюза, не позволяющего обратить тоску в безысходность, оставляющего место светлой, тихой печали и легкой грусти.

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